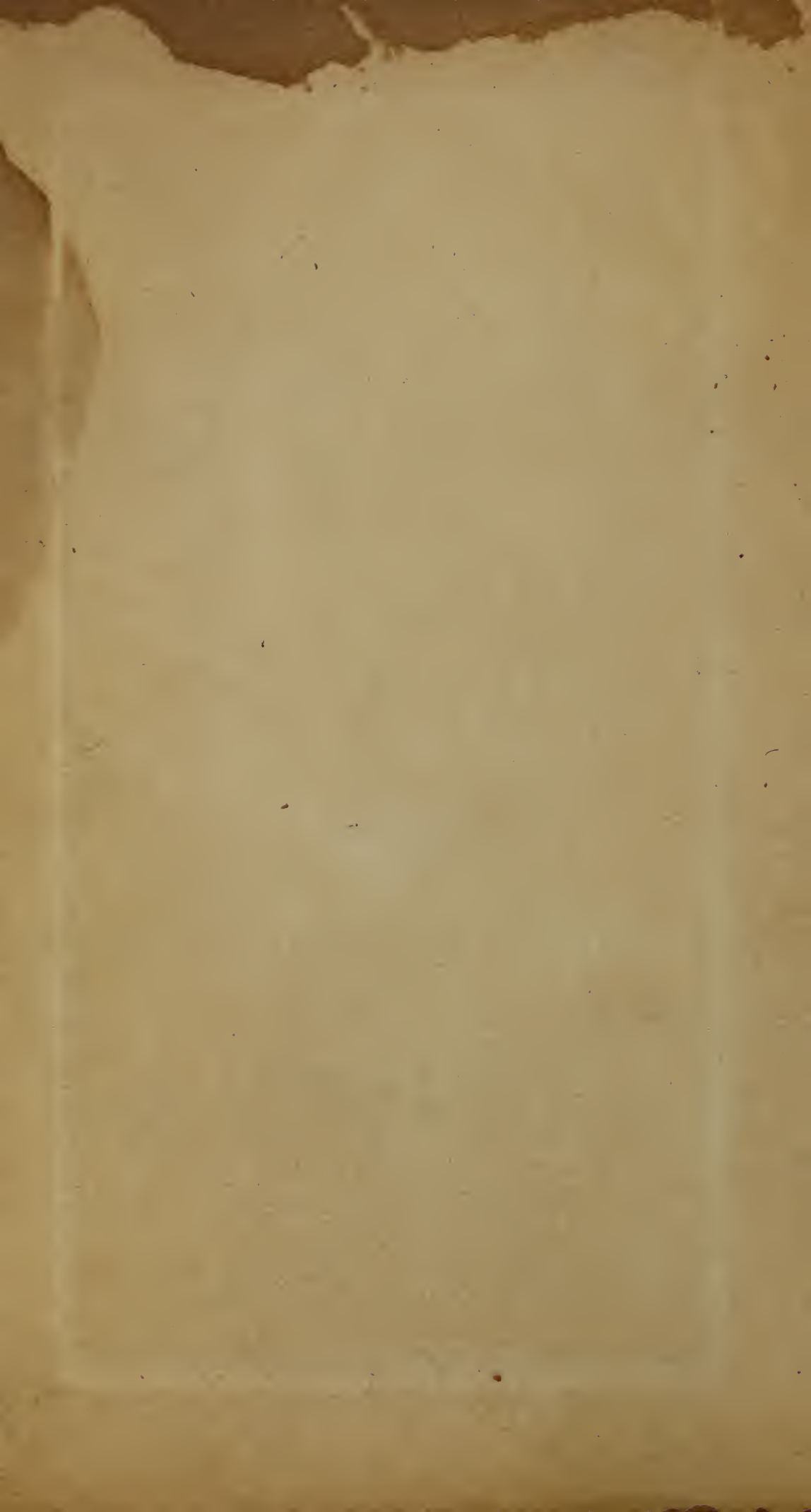


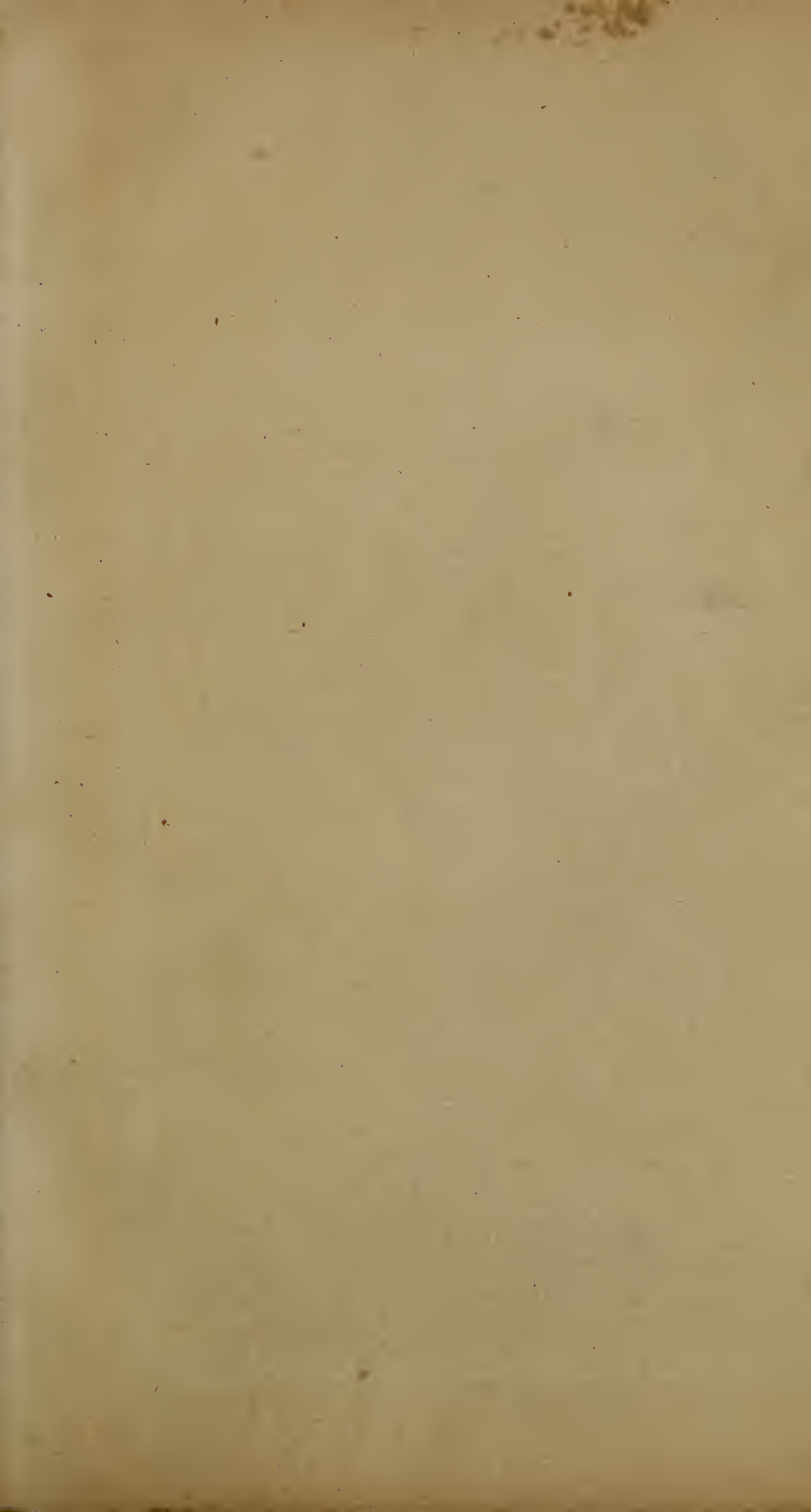
Abbot Academy  
Class Book

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# Abbot Academy Class Book

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1910

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PUBLISHED BY THE MEMBERS  
OF THE SENIOR CLASS

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ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

1910

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THE ANDOVER PRESS  
ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

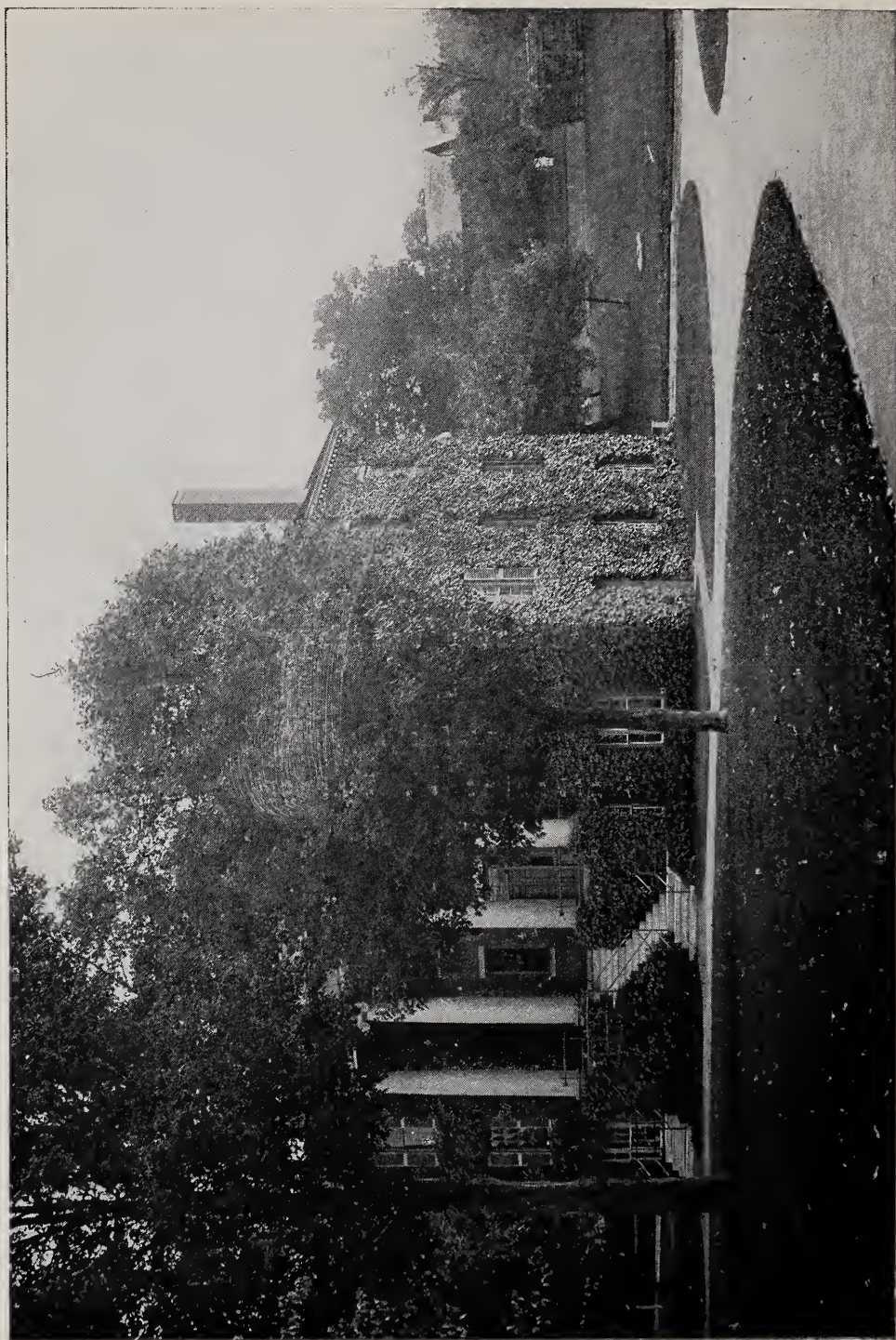
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## Dedication

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Gratefully dedicated  
to  
our friend  
Katherine R. Kelsey





ABBOT HALL



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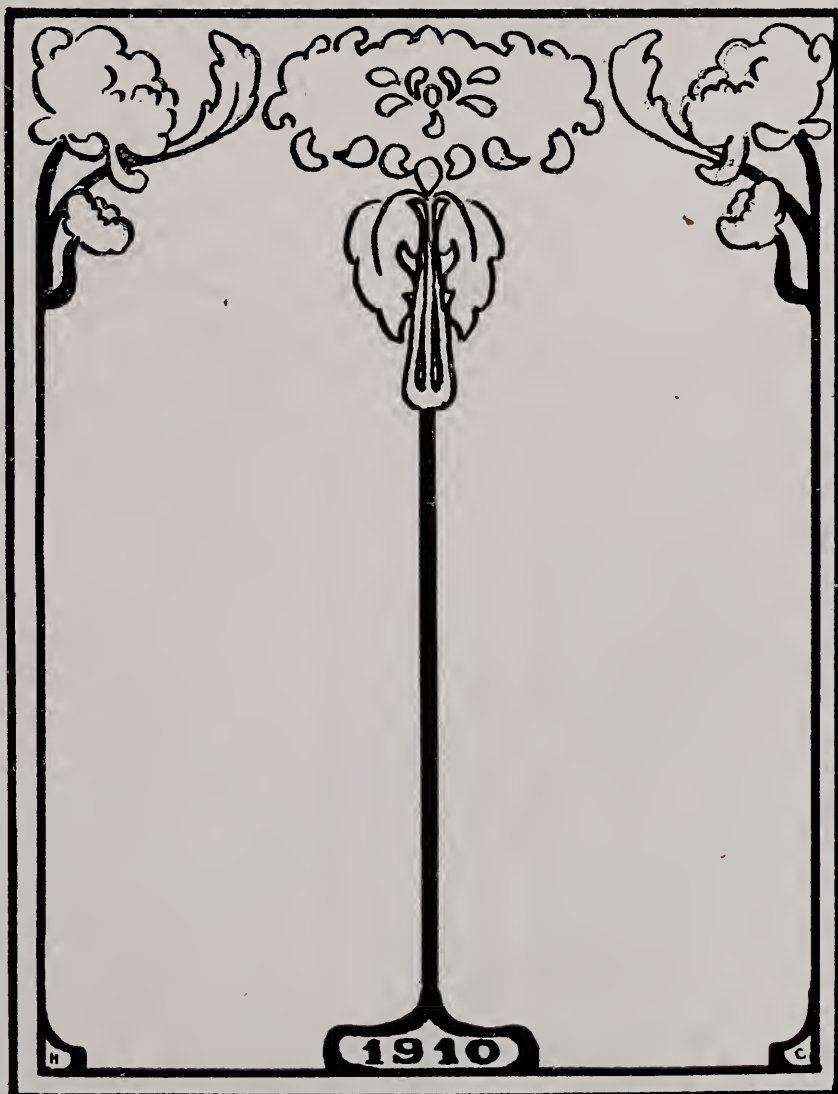
## Editorial

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We, the class of 1910 in publishing this book wish to express to the school our appreciation of all that has been done for us during our years at Abbot. We wish to thank all those who have taken part and so heartily co-operated with us in our effort to make this book a success.

The Class of 1910.

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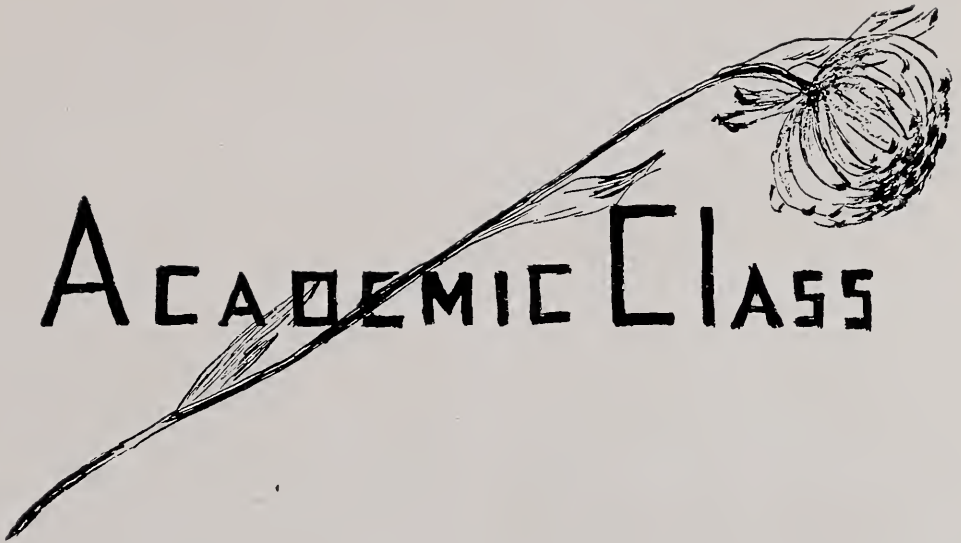
Class Flower—Chrysanthemum

Class Motto—Follow duty, keep faith and earn our praise

Class Colors—Green and white

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*Odeon*  
*Draper Reader '09*  
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*Senior Middle Play*

*Senior Play*





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*Fidelio*

*Senior Middle Play*

*Senior Play*

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*Mandolin Club '10*

*Draper Reader '09*

*Class Book Board*

*Class Historian*

*Senior Play*



**Class Initials**

Always F rightfully B rilliant  
 L coking A fter J okes  
 Loves R eal J ollity  
 Good F or K nocks  
 R omantically M eandrous  
 I n F or N onsense  
 R ambles W ith N ature  
 E ver A skin g R easons  
 M aking B rilliant S ayings  
 E laborating T heological S ubjects  
 L audable C onsummate S entimentality  
 S eldom L acking T houghts



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Lydia Trask

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*Secretary and Treasurer*

# College Preparatory CLASS

---



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LAWRENCE, MASS.

*Second Hockey Team*  
*Senior Play*



**Clarissa Mermin Hall**

BROOKLINE, MASS.

*Pres. of College Senior Class '10*

*Pres. of College Senior Middle Class '09*

*Fidelio '08*

*Mandolin Club '08, '09, '10*

*Editor of Courant '09, '10*

*Second Hockey Team '05*

*Senior Play*



**Mary Frances O'Mahoney**

LAWRENCE, MASS.

*Draper Reader '09, '10*

**Lucy DuBois Porter**  
CLAVERACK, N. Y.

*Odeon*  
*Senior Play*



**Lydia Elena Trask**  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

*Sec. and Treas. of College Senior Class '10*  
*Second Hockey Team*  
*Senior Play*







**Mira Bigelow Wilson**

ANDOVER, MASS

*Courant Board*

*Class Book Board*

*Senior Play*

### **Class Initials**

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E ver H umorously F rivolous  
C ontinually M aking H armonies  
M aking F unny O beisances  
L avishing D evoted P hrases  
L atin's E nthusiastic T autologist  
M arvelously B rilliantly W ise

# Senior Class History

We are now about to close our career as active members of our dear old Abbot and before we leave we want to tell you of the many different feelings we have experienced since we began to contribute to the annals of Abbot Academy as the Senior Middle class.

When we found ourselves an organized body of 27 members in September of 1908, we began to build our air castles and imagine how great we should become before we separated for our different occupations in life. The Seniors no doubt thought we were not quite as great as they, and perhaps we were a little awed by them. But now that *we* are dignified Seniors—no doubt it would be better to omit the word dignified, for we fear that is the unknown quantity in our case—we wonder how or why we ever feared the Seniors. But we did.

When our dear friend Lydia was elected class president we felt then that we should be successful, and after you have carefully perused our class book we will let you judge whether we have been or not.

Our first chance to prove ourselves came in the Senior Mid. play which consisted of scenes from David Copperfield in which we revealed several illustrious amateur actresses among our number. We were held in suspense for some time as to whether our elders, the Seniors, would invite us to their February dance. They did invite us, partly, we always believed, because they knew they couldn't have a very good time without the Middlers. Next came the problem of field day. Those in charge spent weary hours thinking up

original costumes that the Middlers might shine on the great day. And we did: our Japanese costumes were very effective—at least the judges thought so. The spring dance came along at rather a slow pace but patience is sometimes rewarded and again we mingled with the Seniors and really we appeared so dignified that the guests had a difficult time in distinguishing between the grand old class of 1909 and the poor little Senior Mids. We sang, read and ushered at Commencement time and it was then that we first began to realize that soon we should be assuming the responsibilities of Seniors ourselves. Thus ended our first year.

We were very sorry upon returning in September to find our original membership reduced to 15, but our numbers were soon increased to 19 by the entrance of four brilliant College Seniors. Perhaps our greatest disappointment was to find that we were to miss the fine influence and kindly interest of our friend and principal, Miss Means. But her place has been filled delightfully by Miss Kelsey, whom we have all learned to know more intimately and love more warmly than would otherwise have been possible.

About the middle of October we began to dread the "awful psych exam," tales of which had been handed down to us by the class of 1909. Mr. Oliphant has been a delightful teacher and we proudly passed the "awful psych exam" without any of the usual commotion and without having any "Do not enter—psych exam" sign on our doors. Our class-mates, the College Seniors, can scarcely appreciate the feelings of relief that we experienced as we boarded the train for the Christmas holidays. Miss Howey gave us a delightful party in January, and we all felt very select and exclusive at being so honored. Our year has been a happy one and we have been a most congenial and prosperous class. Our winter dance in

February was enjoyed by the Seniors and Senior Mids and we want to say that the Senior Mids were invited because we wanted them. Our Thursday evening readings have been a great pleasure to us all and it has been most kind of Miss Kelsey to entertain us in such a delightful way. Our Senior play was simply a continuation of the career of some of our actresses of the Senior Middle class, with many additions to the original cast. Our neighboring friends seemed to enjoy it as much as we enjoyed giving it and we hope that the class of 1911 will be as successful before the footlights as the class of 1910.

Field day has passed with all its attendant pleasures and pains, none of which would we give up for a great deal. Our last celebration as a class was on May 31st, when our Senior Banquet was held. Now as we look back upon that evening we think of it as the last link in the chain of happy times at Abbot and in memory we shall always have a warm and loving place in our hearts for the small but prosperous class of 1910.

In closing, we, the Senior class, want to thank Miss Kelsey, the Faculty, and the Trustees for all the great benefits which we have reaped from our years spent at Abbot and for all the happy hours which have been afforded us. Not only do we appreciate our happy times, but we feel that our hard times also have brought us satisfaction in the end, and so we leave our dear old school behind and shall strive to live up to our motto—"Follow duty, keep faith and earn our praise."

LOUISE TUTTLE.

# Things We Will Miss

F. M. P. with her tooth-brush

E. A. R.'s Arguments

Some of the Hats

L. R. J. and the Kennebec Journal

Mr. Clinton on Saturday nights

Counting the Senior Stairs

L. A. J. taking class honors

R. W. N.'s dissertations upon Nature

✓ Hearing our friends from the hill sing "We are for  
Abbot"

R. M. and her shoes

Being summoned to class meetings

The Infirmary

S. L. T. and her letters

Sansonian Verse

D. E. B. being late to breakfast

Laundry, drill, fish, ice cream, and callers

Rising at 6.30

A. H. H.'s snoods

O. M. E's bows

H. M. C.'s rhymes

C. W. and F. M. B. making fudge

G. H. saying, "I can't come to Glee Club"

Mandolin and Glee Club Concerts



Our School, to thee we sing  
To thee our tribute bring  
    E'er we depart.  
Thou art our strength and aid  
Oh, keep us unafraid,  
A spirit undismayed  
    To us impart.

To represent us here  
To all that we hold dear  
    We leave our tree.  
By its increasing size,  
May our beech symbolize  
The power, strong and wise  
    That we would be.

LAURA A. JACKSON.





## Senior Dramatics

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### THE FANTASTICKS

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#### ACT I

SCENE — The adjacent parks of Bergamin and Pasquin, with separating wall.

#### ACT II

SCENE — The same, without the wall.

#### ACT III

SCENE — The same, with portion of the wall.

## Dramatis Personae

|                                                    |                |
|----------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| PERCINET, son of Bergamin . . . . .                | MISS NEWCOMB   |
| BERGAMIN . . . . .                                 | MISS MURRAY    |
| PASQUIN . . . . .                                  | MISS NABER     |
| BLAISE, a Gardener . . . . .                       | MISS REIGELUTH |
| SYLVETTE, daughter of Pasquin . . . . .            | MISS JOHNSON   |
| NOTARY . . . . .                                   | MISS JACKSON   |
| Bravos, Musicians, Witnesses, Wedding Guests, etc. |                |



# The Fantasticks

## ACT I.

My child, the hour is drawing nigh  
When we'll go on the stage.  
The drama soon will have some stars  
Who will be all the rage.

First, in a lovely garden scene,  
Beside a moss-grown wall,  
Two lovers love with silly smiles,  
And think they're all in all.

Sylvette drops suddenly like lead  
When hearing footsteps nigh  
And Papa Bergamin comes in,  
Suspicious of her sigh.

A fiery scene takes place between  
Papa and Percinet;  
The rude boy whistles, "It's a trick,"  
And then they go away.

Then in comes Pasquin, miser man,  
And calls his daughter down,  
While she, affrighted, runs away  
Before his horrid frown.

The fierceness of these fathers two  
Is really just a joke,  
For they are really two old friends  
As nice as other folk.

"He! he!" laughs P. "Ha! ha!" says B.

"Though old we're rather bright,  
Abduction is the game we'll play  
And try it here to-night."

Then in stalks Straf., a mighty man,  
Who's hired to plan a rape  
Of any sort or kind you know,  
As long as it's ship-shape.

The night is dark; amid the gloom  
The moon begins to rise.  
Enter the lovers! whistle Straf.,  
And take them by surprise.

Up rise the brigands, masked and black,  
Sylvette is borne away  
A-crying, "Rescue, rescue, here  
My dearest Percinet!"

Just like a stag, on mountain crag,  
He leaps high o'er the wall  
And kills the naughty, wicked men,  
And makes old Straf. to fall.

Look! reconciled! now all is well,  
All seem so happy—till  
Old Straf., supposed red with blood,  
Cries out, "My little bill."

Methinks this is an ending fit  
For any classic play;  
But oh! alas we've two acts more  
Before we go away.

ACT II.

I now take up the second act,  
 If you can stand the strain:  
 The curtains part—behold poor Blaise,  
 A sight to cause you pain.

Then enter Pasquin on the right,  
 In angry foment he  
 Berates poor Blaise, whose gentle soul  
 Is racked—as you can see.

Fat Bergamin, with shiny pate  
 Would fain make all a wreck;  
 While Pasquin sits and calmly reads  
 The news of Kennebec.

“I see you all day long,” he snaps,  
 “Your whistle drives me mad.”  
 “Your old leg shakes all day,” says B.  
 ‘Tis very, very sad.

The lovers now come on the scene,  
 The Fathers hide away.  
 They want to see their children spoon,  
 And hear what they will say.

Hear Percinet boast of his skill  
 In slaying brigands ten.  
 Sylvette breaks in—she’s very sure  
 There was a score of men.

When they have stayed some little time,  
 They go out on the right;  
 The fathers, coming from the trees,  
 Once more begin to fight.



Sylvette then comes to quell their strife.  
 They tell her all the plan;  
 Her love for Percinet is gone,  
 She hates old Bergamin.

Alas! when Percinet returns  
 She shows her consternation;  
 He turns away, and finds Straf's bill,  
 Which gives the explanation.

No sooner done than Straf appears,  
 Intent on bill collecting,  
 Disarms young Perc. who flees the land  
 His dear Sylvette neglecting.

Meanwhile the fathers, off the stage,  
 Have had an awful scrap.  
 Pa Bergamin has lost his ruff,  
 A terrible mishap.

The notary with witnesses  
 Comes now to wed the pair  
 Ah, woe is me! I grieve to state  
 The bridegroom wasn't there!

When all have gone but Straford  
 To seek for Percinet  
 He wants to know if it is writ  
 That he should get his pay.

Upon this mercenary scene  
 It's best to draw the curtain  
 But cheer up—all will come out well,  
 Of that you may be certain.



ACT III

Fol-lol-de rido greets the ear  
 The third act has begun.  
 A jocund mason builds the wall  
 And finds it is no fun.

The fathers gaze with proud, fond eye  
 Upon the separation  
 They try to hate—'tis plain to see  
 They long for reparation.

And off they go to play bezique  
 "Work well, my man," says P.  
 The mason mocks old Pasquin's voice  
 "'Tis my disguise," quoth he.

"I'll cure fair Sylvia and win  
 My guineas eighty-nine."  
 And as a bait to catch the maid  
 He drops a little line.

Then in she comes and off he runs  
 To lurk behind the wall  
 Nor does he make his presence known  
 Until he hears her call.

"Oh here am I, my sweet," says he  
 I've come to bear thee far  
 To unknown lands where there's no man  
 My guilty hand to bar."

"My lord, my lord, oh sir!" she gasps  
 In accents wild with fear  
 She calls upon her Percinet.  
 Alas! he is not near.

And Straffy smiles with wicked glee  
 And grasps her blue-veined wrist,  
 She screams and Straffy leaves in haste  
 With threat'ning brow and fist.

"Alas," she cried, "some awful dream  
 Has torn my gentle heart,"  
 Then Percinet in rags appears.  
 They never more will part.

He's travelled far o'er sea and land  
 To seek adventures bold  
 But finds that love and home are best  
 When all things have been told.

The fathers came upon the scene  
 They see their children's joy.  
 "We're reconciled at last," they cry  
 "Long live our girl and boy."

"Down with the walls!" they cry aloud.  
 "Away with separation."  
 Their friends then do the minuet  
 To help the celebration.

And now that all the family griefs  
 Are fixed to satisfaction  
 We draw the curtain on the scenes  
 Of any future action.



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# Magazine Table

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| <i>Current Events</i>          | The News               |
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## David's Soliloquy

David's mind works like an automaton, by jerks. This is to be expected, of course, since he is bronze. He never pretends to think connected thoughts, but in his own peculiar fashion he is very fond of soliloquizing. He finds the little world that passes thro' the corridors in McKeen Hall and 'neath his outstretched dagger, distinctly amusing. It is all fit entertainment for a king, from curiously devised head-dresses to the music of the field day songs.

Of course there are some features which David dislikes exceedingly, for instance, the bell across the hall which M. C. G. sets clanging and buzzing in his ears. On the whole, however, David has in the past assumed a benignant attitude toward the young ladies of the twentieth century. But an incident happened last March which has forever steeled the heart of David, the warrior, to feminine charms of any kind, and especially to the wiles of one particular girl of the Senior class.

For some days he had been feeling under the weather. At first he admitted to himself that it was the furnace heat; and he even condescended to call across to the Egyptian heron in the glass case to ask if the birds did not find it unbearably warm in the corridor.

And yet he sought a further cause. David has a very keen sense of hearing. One day he heard an authoritative voice from room eight. He did not usually pay any attention to this voice. He did not care especially whether verbs signifying to favor, help, please, trust—and others—took the Dative or not. But today the voice was speaking of attitude, of the proper attitude in class. Suddenly it dawned upon



him. Surely, attitude was the word! The cause of the unpleasant feeling about his heart was the attitude which the girls had recently displayed toward him.

Just at this point David's mind suddenly became a blank, as automaton minds will. When he found himself thinking again, he was distinctly angry. He did not see why M. C. C., flying around the corner, should bump into him so suddenly. Of course he had often seen that lively young lady tumble down in her haste any innocent girl who might be approaching the door from the other side, and he had rather enjoyed the little excitement of such head-on collisions. But to fall upon his reverent person was a different thing. It betokened a sad lack of respect.

When David's mind next became active, he felt his marble pedestal vibrating queerly. What could this mean? It was none other than G. C. With her book grasped in both hands she was trying desperately to find out, before the history test should begin, what the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius actually was. Because she could not recollect nor find the meditative Marcus, she was kicking, actually kicking the foot of David's marble pedestal. "Why should the sins of a Roman emperor be visited on me?" sighed David.

The rest of that day passed quietly enough; and the next began even pleasantly. E. R. and L. P. chanced to stop right at David's corner, and he enjoyed their happy confidences immensely. About six girls had gathered there, when E. J. W. came tripping in. She puckered up her face into a smile and said a separate good-morning very fast to everybody there. David counted carefully. She had said one too many. Ah, she had meant one for him! Mightily pleased, his face actually assumed a smile; but, even as he smiled, the little midget had turned her back and was flying away in another direction.

Pretty soon the day scholars came trooping in to the Algebra class. David does not like Algebra I. The class is too infantile; it has no nerves. It does not mind squeaking the crayon on the board in the least. Also its voices are loud, and it giggles. This morning all its faults were particularly noticeable.

David was very impatient by the time F. H. came in and seated herself opposite him. For three minutes she did not remove her eyes from David's face; but with terrible audacity she began "Steh' ich in finstrer Mitter-nacht," six verses, very slowly and with great expression. If there is any one thing that David dislikes, it is the guttural sound of the German tongue. It was well for F., as she turned to the class room, that she did not see the weapon which was aimed at her retreating figure, nor hear the muttered words, "Is this a dagger that I see before me, the handle toward my hand?"

But the culminating grievance came late in the day. During the afternoon David's mind was especially inactive, but towards night a sense of excitement grew upon him. There would be late hours for him to-night (David usually retires at seven), for there was Mr. Dearborn turning on the lights in the main hall, and here were people in gay attire arriving and crowding in at the doors. Flowers, too, were carried past. But most interesting of all, as he peaked around the corner of the corridor, there were odd foreign figures of men and women bustling about. "H'm!" David thought a minute. "Oh yes, this is a Senior play. They are always fairly good sport, so different from the popular mock opera." (David was irritated lately by the piercing tremolo of R. G. in her operatic role.)

David is a keen observer of humanity. He was enjoying himself tonight. His annoyance had passed away. He forgot to remember his grievance about attitude.

Suddenly he looked down, and there was an open box at his feet. And there were roses, wonderful, wonderful roses, all crimson, a fitting tribute to royalty. David's face fairly shone with pride and pleasure. This was an anonymous gift but nevertheless a welcome one, and a deserved tribute to a great personage.

It was a delightful evening altogether. David wished it would never end. Frequently he turned his head with a jerk to the side to see the curly-haired boys and the powdered ladies, who were waiting there to go on the stage. David thought to himself, "I see those boys have adopted my own style of hair-dressing. Rather becoming!" and he looked at L. A. J. "Though it best suits the Jewish people."

Just then a girl came hurrying up. She was dark-haired, "and, yes," David thought, "rather pretty in her white gown and glittering scarf. She looks, why, rather like the maidens of my own nation. She is looking for something; she approaches."

"Oh," he heard a voice say, "Where is my best box of roses, my Maine roses? Girls, where have I put them. The people are coming out and I must find them. Oh!" she turned with a relieved sigh to David. "Oh, here they are! Oh, how pretty, all mine! Here, Percinet, come and see."

A moment, and the roses and the girl were gone. The people were going home. They were laughing and talking and complimenting. But David neither saw nor heard. They had taken away what was his tribute. They had stolen what was given to a king. A dark-haired girl had taken them away—the roses. But it was the way of girls, altogether disrespectful.

From that time forth David has smiled no more upon the Abbot girls. This is the lament that he sings. This is the thought in his heart.

How doth King David stand solitary, abused and  
rejected of all!

How is the guardian of Mathematics rejected by those  
whom he guards!

Mourn ye, Oh daughters of Abbot, mourn, for his  
pleasure is turned from thee.

Maiden of raven black locks, beware, for the wrath  
of the warrior is sure.

MIRA B. WILSON.



# Popular Songs

|                                     |                       |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| "The Prima Donna"                   | M. R. G.              |
| "I'm in Love with One of the Stars" | F. H.                 |
| "The Soldier's Farewell"            | S. L. T.              |
| "Any Time, Any Place, Any Way"      | G. E. C.              |
| "Roses Bring Dreams of You"         | L. C. S.              |
| "A Garden of Dreams"                | Faculty Meeting       |
| "I'm not That Kind of a Girl"       | J. A. B.              |
| "Smile, Smile, Smile"               | E. C.                 |
| "Gee! But this Is a Lonesome Town"  | Andover               |
| "Looks Like a Big Night Tonight"    | After Andover victory |
| "Love Will Make or Break a Man"     | O. M. E.              |
| "Red Head"                          | H. H. C.              |
| "Bright Eyes"                       | P. E. B.              |
| "Over the Hills and Far Away"       | P. A.                 |
| "Over on the Jersey Side"           | A. E. B.              |
| "By the Light of the Silvery Moon"  | Serenades             |
| "The Fair Co-ed"                    | L. A. J.              |
| "Sullivan"                          | C. W.                 |
| "All I Get Is Sympathy"             | B. M.                 |
| "School Days"                       | Abbot                 |
| "If I Were on the Stage"            | M. S. H.              |





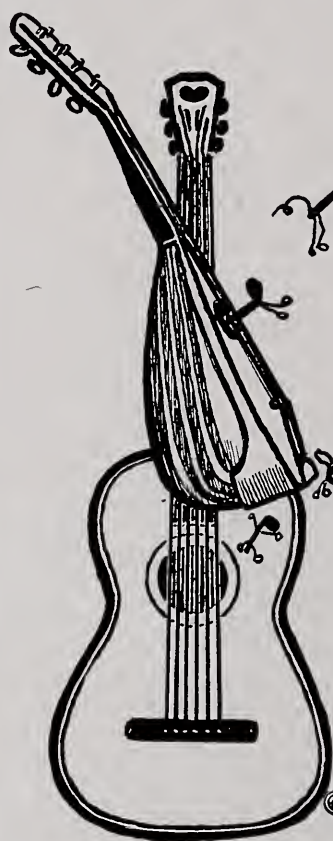
## Now

- E. A. R. — In Room 41
- L. R. J. — Looking for trouble
- R. M. — Trying to start the Walking Club
- R. W. N. — Looking across
- M. B. S. — Passing out bills
- L. C. S. — With Miss Kelsey
- A. F. B. — Coming to Chapel late
- E. T. S. — Playing minuets
- I. F. N. — Looking for Harry
- L. A. J. — Collecting money
- S. L. T. — Waiting for the mails
- G. F. K. — Blushing
- C. M. H. — Playing ragtimes
- L. E. T. — Doing Algebra in Chapel
- E. H. F. — Appropriating others' property
- M. O'M. — Giving exhibitions to the day scholars
- M. B. W. — Being a class shark
- L. D. P. — Looking for Ethel

## Ten Years Hence

- E. A. R. — Leader of Middletown Society  
L. R. J. — Editress of the Kennebec Journal at  
Augusta, Maine  
R. M. — Acquiring more  
R. W. N. — Communing with nature  
M. B. S. — Poet Laureate of Warwick  
L. C. S. — Getting rich  
A. F. B. — Being a shining light in the world.  
E. T. S. — Holding Sunday evening musicals  
I. F. N. — Starring in vaudeville  
L. A. J. — Queen of the Universe  
S. L. T. — Commander-in-Chief of the army  
G. F. K. — Singing in Grand Opera  
C. M. H. — Studying abroad  
L. E. T. — Teaching Algebra in Abbot  
E. H. F. — Being a matinée fiend  
M. O'M. — Giving lessons in unique expressions  
M. B. W. — Writing biographies  
L. D. P. — Giving lessons in the minuet

# Musical Clubs





FIDELIO

Emily Silsby  
Maud Gutterson

*President*  
*Secretary and Treasurer*





## GLEE CLUB

Marion Sanford

Laura Jackson

Jessie Wightman

Maud Gutterson

Ruth Murray

Rhoda Green

Marguerite Claflin

Frances Pray

Miriam Howard

Katherine Jenkins

*Leader*

*Manager*

Gladys Hayden

Lillie Johnson

Annie Blauvelt

Frances Huselton



## MANDOLIN CLUB

Laura Jackson

*Leader*

Dorothy Bigelow

*Manager*

Edith Seccomb

Bessie Rand

Helen Copeland

Marion Bemis

Olivia Flynt

Clarissa Hall

Mary Hall

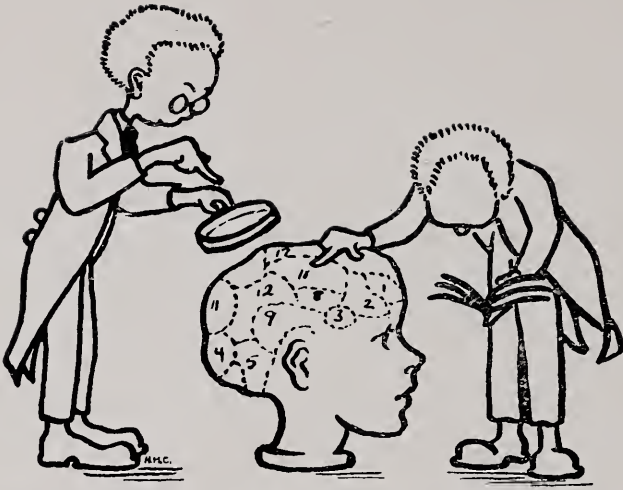
Grace Hatch

### *Accompanists*

Louise Tuttle

Dorothy Renwick





# PHRENOLOGIST

In Abbot, there have been, from time to time, various fads that have swept over the school. "Something new" is always popular, whether it be a hair ribbon that ties in a neat little bow at the nape of the neck, or an elongated Psyche, or a "crush" upon the basketball coach. When one admires something extremely, there are sure to be many others who will feel as she does. This spring, something that was entirely different attracted the girls' attention, and this was the arrival of a phrenologist in town. He had come to a small cottage near the outskirts of the village, and soon the rumor that there was such a person spread like wildfire through the school.

"My dear," said the College Senior to the Senior President, "have you heard the news? There is a phrenologist in town."

"Lawsee!" said L. C. S., "you mean one who can read your character by the bumps on your head?"

"Yes," said C. M. H. "Let's tell the girls."

The next afternoon, girls in twos and threes walked up the hill, then eagerly out to see the phrenologist.

We were the first two to arrive, and after having our character read, went outside to listen. As the time was short, everyone agreed that the phrenologist should tell only one dominant trait of character.

As the girls came into the room, we heard the phrenologist say, "Here I find a bump of knowledge, you study hard, but you will accomplish something. I think I see you in the future as a great teacher, let me say, of algebra." Of course L. E. T. was the favored one.

The voice of the phrenologist continued, "And here, I find the bump of strong will, always dangerous." Someone said, "But can't you see that my criterion is——" and E. A. R. came out, still arguing to herself that point in psychology.

"This bump is smaller and more irregular, it must be that of shyness, yes, and here it is on your head, too, accompanied by the bump of blushing," and he stopped while G. E. H. and G. F. K. passed by with their heads drooping.

Then two other girls went into the room and we could hear one especially because of her slight, constant giggling. To one he said, "Here I find the bump of flirtation which has brought you much fun in your school life." And to the other, "Here the bump of giggling is dominant, this often accompanies the bump of flirtation." Laughing over the joke, P. B. and D. B. stood in a corner and whispered to each other.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, a firm step next came into the room. "I discover a prominent bump of athletics here, which has already brought you many honors." Covered with basketball, hockey and tennis medals, O. F. leaped into our midst.

"Did you hear what he said about O. F?" we heard a girl say, and another said, "Well, how do

you suppose he can tell those things, anyway?" "The bump of curiosity is very apparent upon your heads, my children," and C. W. and E. W. came out rather shamefacedly.

"Here I find a bump of temper, which because of its hastiness sometimes causes you trouble," and we heard the door slam after J. B.

"And here is a bump of sentiment, a temperament like yours could fall in love at first sight——" He had hardly finished when E. C. rushed out of the door.

"The theatrical bump is dominant here and I see you have a passionate love for the things of the stage." Could we be deceived when we caught sight of J. W. with the fire of ambition in her eye? No, it was surely she.

"Here, at last, is the bump of real love," said the phrenologist. "This can be found only in lovers of Art." Blushing divinely, R. H. N. appeared.

"I find a bump of romance upon your head. Why that must mean —— Harry," and I. F. N. rushed joyfully out. "Hurry up, Laura."

To L. A. J. the phrenologist gave the bump of bluffing and to E. R., who soon followed, the bump of obstinacy. The two room-mates, M. C. and D. H., were found to have small bumps of vanity.

One more remained to be tested. The phrenologist slowly said, "I feel the bump of self-satisfaction in personal appearance upon your head, and I fear that you waste many hours before the mirror, as you admire your minute beauties." We looked around to find that R. M. was the only missing one from our number.

Then the phrenologist came out alone. "Listen, young ladies," he said. "I have discovered many things about you to-day, good for some and ill for others. But in all of you, especially in you Seniors, I found this strong trait, that of good will."

At this, every girl forgot the slight thrusts of the old man and exclaimed, "Why of course 1910 has one of the best things of all, the bump of good will. Let's sing to the Seniors." And they did so, reluctantly going back to Abbot.

LILLIE R. JOHNSON

MARION B. SANFORD.





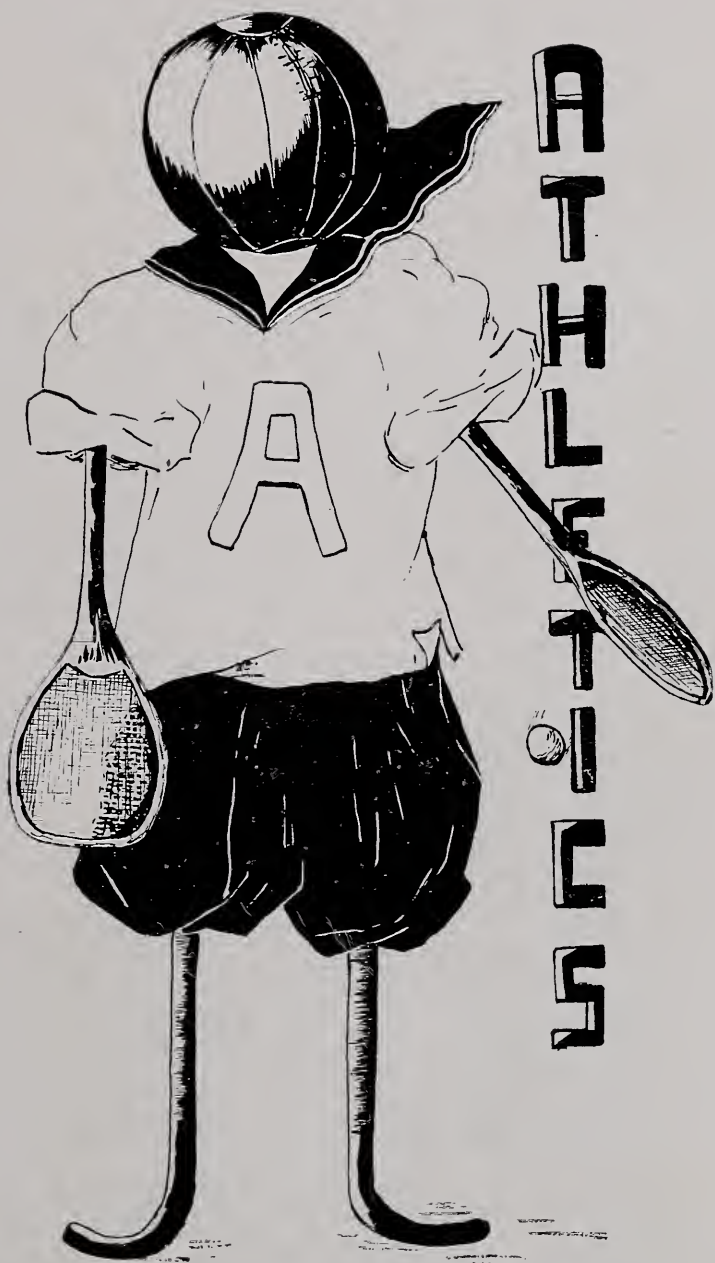
# Odeon



Miriam Howard  
Laura Avis Jackson  
Irma Flora Naber  
Katharine Lewis Ordway  
Lucy DuBois Porter  
Ruth Rogers  
Eleanor Van Tuyl





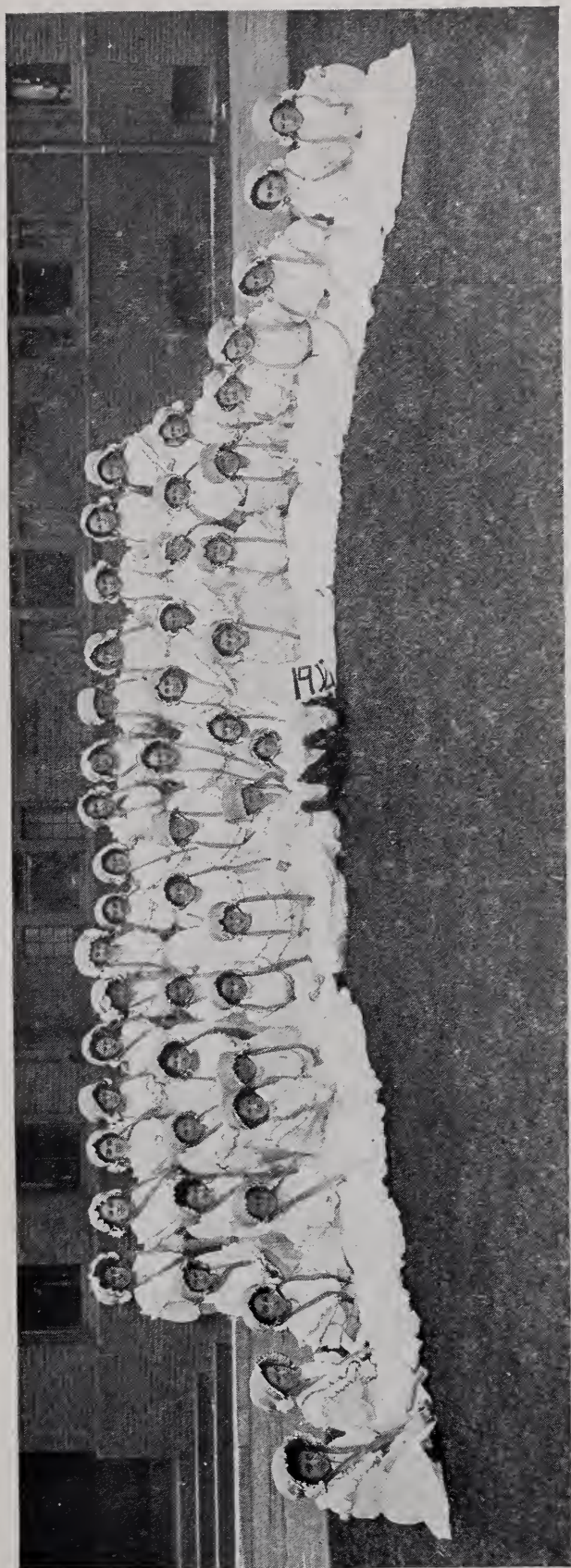




A. A. A. OFFICERS

Dorothy Bigelow  
Annie Blauvelt

*President*  
*Secretary and Treasurer*



FIELD DAY 1910





## BASKETBALL TEAM

Dorothy Bigelow

Marion Brown

Alice Hazlewood

Olivia Flynt

Helen Vail

Edna Francis

Marion Brown

Miriam Howard

Dorothy Bigelow

*Captain*

*Manager*

*Forward Guard*

*Goal Guard*

*Side Center*

*Center*

*Center*

*Forward*

*Goal*



## HOCKEY TEAM

Irma Naber  
 Ruth Murray  
 Barbara Moore  
 Dorothy Dole  
 Helen Corey

Katharine Ordway  
 Helen Vail  
 Elizabeth Hincks  
 Charlotte Gowing

*Captain*  
*Manager*  
 Doris Brown  
 Olivia Flynt  
 Jane Newton



# Our Art Gallery

|                        |                                                  |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| The Night Watch        | Mr. Clinton                                      |
| The Concert            | Serenade at 10 P.M.                              |
| Dance of the Nymphs    | Seniors' Maypole Dance                           |
| Song of the Lark       | E. A. R.                                         |
| Return to the Farm     | L. R. J. back to Hallowell                       |
| The Challenge          | Bradford-Abbot                                   |
| Simplicity             | F. M. P.                                         |
| The Jester             | M. C. G.                                         |
| Saved                  | After passing an Exam.                           |
| The Condemned          | After flunking same                              |
| The Anatomy Lesson     | Physiology Class                                 |
| Singing Angels         | The Vocal Pupils                                 |
| Portrait of a Lady     | E. T. S.                                         |
| Landscape by Moonlight | Circle at 6.30 A.M. in Winter                    |
| The Letter Writer      | S. L. T.                                         |
| Girl with a Candle     | Midnight Spreads                                 |
| Melancholy             | M. B. S. after Theism                            |
| Good Government        | Abbot                                            |
| Three Sisters          | A. E. B., H. H. C., O. M. E.                     |
| Industry               | Seniors on Friday afternoons                     |
| Village Festival       | The May Breakfast                                |
| The Card Players       |                                                  |
|                        | F. M. B., D. A. R., K. R. J., M. R. G., M. H. H. |
| The Three Graces       | G. E. C., G. E. H., G. F. K.                     |
| The First Step         | The Juniors                                      |
| The Golden Stairs      | Senior Stairway                                  |

# A Masquerade

The Seniors had a masquerade  
And to it all who came  
Were dressed in garb fantastical  
As best became their fame.

They had it in their dear S. P.  
Where many months before  
They met to hear Miss Jackson speak  
On points in Psychic lore.

But now the parlor was gaily trimmed  
With colors green and white.  
Chrysanthemums were all around  
For that was Seniors' night.

The Seniors were there in bright array  
A joyous host to see  
Without a thought of Masters in Art  
Or dread Church History.

They turned to greet their hostess first  
Who courtesied to all.  
A maid of the eighteenth century,  
The Belle of many a ball.

They wondered who this maid could be  
So gracious and debonaire,  
Until a well-known gesture betrayed  
Our Lydia so fair.

So fair she seemed to a knight more bold  
Who stood not far away  
That he wished his mask of such a cut  
His dimple to display.

And since that was impossible  
 For other charms he thought.  
 "I'll write Sansonian verse," quoth he  
 And for his clown he sought.

The clown dressed in a bright green suit  
 Was easily discovered.  
 To see his strange performances  
 The people round him hovered.

"I see by the paper it snowed last night,"  
 He said to those around.  
 "Hello, old chap," as the knight approached,  
 "Some verses we'll now propound."

"That's what I came for," said the knight.  
 "Sansonian verse's the thing  
 With which to charm the maiden fair  
 And all her praises sing."

So arm in arm they walked away,  
 This strange assorted pair  
 While next appeared an agent bold  
 Intent upon his ware.

Calling in loud, stentorian tones  
 With gestures wild to see,  
 "Come all this way to see the show,  
 'Tis fifty cents," said he.

Attracted by the agent's wiles  
 A man with kite in hand  
 And in his eyes a vacant stare  
 As he roamed from land to land.

As he went by we saw approach  
 A buxom peasant maid  
 With rosy cheeks and puffs askew  
 And manners sweet and staid.

Then to her side there quickly came  
 A youth in riding clothes.  
 "Ah, sweet," he said, "to you I come  
 And bring to you a rose."

"I've come as well befits my name  
 As brave young Percinet,  
 Let's stroll about and see the crowd."  
 And then they walked away.

There was a mysterious personage  
 Impossible to guess.  
 But when they heard her laugh all cried  
 "Come, Pasquin, now confess."

A graceful maid came dancing in  
 And cried, "I flit, I flit!"  
 And next a maid with letters galore  
 That her soldier boy had writ.

And in there came a figure small  
 One whom we always know,  
 With screwed-up mouth like a rabbit cute  
 And tardy steps and slow.

And sitting in a corner near  
 Playing with all her might  
 A fiddler stayed most patiently  
 Until they said good night.

IRMA F. NABER  
 EMILY T. SILSBY



F. M. B. (giving the news): The sun sinks in the west through a field glass.

MISS RUNNER: "I haven't stood up since I sat down."

L. A. J.: "I never bow at what I am bowing to."

QUESTION: "Were there about 300 people at the Prom?"

E. A. R.: "No, there were about 150 couples."

L. R. J.: "He looks just like an actress."

MISS HOWEY: "Where have we heard of caves before?"

C. W.: "Why, Robinson Crusoe's in Pilgrim's Progress of course."

I. F. N.: "You are not going to take gym till reaction."

L. R. J.: "I saw two couples going into the pasturage today to get married."

I. F. N.: "It nearly kills me to dot my periods."

E. V. T.: He used to wear a molecule in his eye.

E. A. R.: "You're all the time shaking hands with my feet under the table."

E. V. T.: "Don't apply epitaphs like that."

I. F. N.: "You're knock-kneed with your eyes, Laura."

MISS HOWEY: "How do we bring about political reforms now?"

H. M. C.: "By bribes."



- S. L. T.: "Did you see Lydia? — what she said?"
- L. R. J.: "I'm never there on time but I'm strong at the finish."
- R. E. N.: "Have you been to the infirmary yet?"
- A. H. H.: "Just hear the silence."
- O. C. F. (translating German): "We could not play except when the wind blowed."
- L. C. S.: "You have to have activity to keep going."
- M. S. H.: "I think one quart of milk will be enough."
- M. V. B.: "No—a quart is too much. I think three pints will be enough."
- E. A. R.: "I was lying on the bed and I heard a robin sing so I thought I'd go and study."
- E. V. T.: "What do you call it when a thing is cleaned antiseptically?"
- I. F. N.: "Oh you call that pulverized."
- L. R. J.: "I jumped two feet standing still."
- D. B.: "Do we go to the May breakfast Monday night?"
- R. M. (in History of Art class): "Miss Howey, I've never read in the Bible about the healing of the Delmonico Bay."
- E. W. (Sunday night): "Has the mail come in yet?"
- L. R. J.: "Yes, there are two walking in now."
- DR. MARTIN (in Ethics): "Is individualism a first cousin to justice?"
- M. B. S.: "No, farthest removed."
- H. V. (in the news): "Mr. Wainwright, the English aviator, will take a fly tomorrow from London to Manchester"—the poor little insect.

E. W. P.: "Do you know how to make spinach greens out of lettuce?"

L. R. J.: "Seems funny that all this year there aren't more jokes on me."

L. A. J.: "Don't you know what an emporium is?"

E. A. R.: "That's a place where they keep fishes, isn't it?"

M. B. S. (in Psychology): "But why?"

M. B. (translating Virgil): "Venus was all dressed in a quiver."

L. A. J.: This corridor is conducive to going to chapel.

K. L. O. (giving the news): "Halley's comet looks like a fuzzy star with a stail."

L. A. J.: "Have you ever seen a white chrysanthemum that is pink?"

L. C. S. (in the Fleur-de-lis): "I want a round square of green felt."

L. R. J. (in ethics): "Plato gets mixed up in his ideas."

DR. OLIPHANT: "It is always well to know who gets mixed up."

G. E. H. (in Geometry and English IV): "But I don't see why-y-y."

E. A. R. to L. A. J.: "I'd like a high Scotch-ball, please."

MISS HOWEY (in Eng. V): "You have had a splendid lesson today—now beat it."

M. E. C. (at the track meet said to Miss Durfee):  
"Do we have to pay to get out?"

"These candles should all be the same length."

R. W. N.: "This one is."

E. A. R.: "I was going to give that woman my seat,  
but I saw she was reading a Christian Science  
paper and I thought it wouldn't matter to  
her whether she sat down or stood up, so  
I kept my seat."

MISS SHERMAN: "I am going to demoralize this  
room."

---

One Sunday in the Summer-time  
(It really was the Spring)  
There happened to Dot Bigelow  
A most surprising thing.

She wore to church a hat of straw  
Transparent to the eye  
But no one ever thought of what  
We might therein espy.

While sitting calmly in her pew  
She had an odd sensation  
And thought a June-bug might have made  
Her hat his habitation.

But when she'd gotten home from church  
She hastened to unpin it  
And as she laid it down she saw  
A little mouse within it.

Now Truth is often,—as you've heard,  
Less plausible than fiction.  
But I assure you, one and all,  
This brooks no contradiction.

# Class Alphabet

**A** stands for Agnes, the petite of the class,  
Who knows all her lessons from first to the last.  
**B** stands for Brown, our giantess tall,  
Who as jumping centre has played basketball.  
**C** is the letter that stands for our class,  
Which has been and will be most hard to surpass.  
**D** for our Doctors both patient and wise,  
Who refrained asking questions, seeing fear in our eyes.  
**E** stands for Emily, our dancer, you see,  
And also for Edith, our bravo was she.  
**F** for the fun that at Abbot we boast  
Of feasting at midnight and marshmallow toasts.  
**G** is for Grace, or "Gratz" if you will,  
Whose rippling laughter you never can still.  
**H** is for Hall, our wandering star,  
Who at Commencement from here will be far.  
**I** stands for Irma, the great hockey light,  
Who plays tether ball with equal delight.  
**J** is for Johnson, our Lillie's last name,  
And also for Jackson, an artist of fame.  
**K** brings to mind our principal dear,  
Who has guided the course of the Seniors this year.  
**L** stands for Lydia, both Skolfield and Trask,  
Of all in the school, what more could you ask.  
**M** stands for Murray with good-natured grin,  
Who comes from a small seaport village called Lynn.  
**N** stands for Newcomb, who ne'er missed a goal  
And loved her sweet Sylvia with all her soul.  
**O** is for O'Mahoney, a nice little lass,  
Whose conduct is questioned in many a class.  
**P** stands for Porter, called "Luce" otherwise,  
With a dignified manner and a pair of brown eyes.  
**R** is for Reigeluth, unpronounceable name,  
She'll answer to "Ragie," to her it's the same.  
**S** is for Sanford, the Straforel bold,  
Who in two short weeks learned a rapier to hold.  
**T** is for Tuttle, the good-natured one,  
Who always is waiting to have the mail come.  
**W** is for Wilson, the star of the class,  
Who gathers A plusses both easy and fast.  
**X, Y, and Z** is the final equation,  
Which if we told it would bring consternation.  
And now you have read our alphabet all,  
Which if you learn cannot help but recall  
The names of the Seniors in order you see,  
Beginning with **A** and ending with **Z**.

A. F. B., G. F. K., E. A. R.

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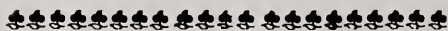
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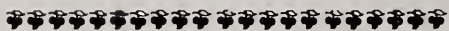
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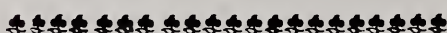
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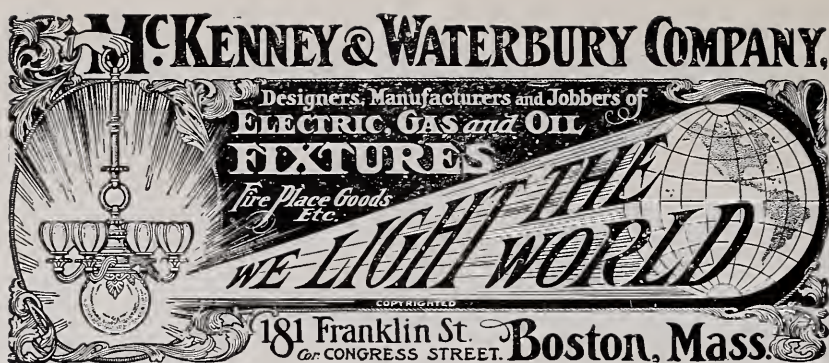
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